THE SISTERS, A COMEDIE.

AS

It was acted at the private House

IN

BLACK FRYERS,

WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

Never Printed before.

LONDON,

Printed for *Humphrey Robinson* at the Three Pigeons, and *Humphrey Moseley* at the Prince's Arms in St. *Paul's* Church-yard.

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To the most worthily Honoured *William Paulet* Esquire.

SIR,

COmpositions of this nature, have heretofore been graced by the acceptance, and protection of the greatest Nobility (*I may say Princes*) but in this age, when the Scene of Drammatick Poetry is changed into a *Wilderness*, it is hard to find a patron to a legitimate muse. Many that were wont to encourage Poems, are fain beneath the proverbiall want of the composers, and by their ruins are only at leasure to take measure with their eye, of what they have been. Some extinguished with their fortune, have this happiness, to be out of capacity of further shipwrack, while their sad remaynes peep out of the sea, and may serve naked marks, and caution to other Navigators, Malignant stars the while! In this unequall condition of the time, give me leave to congratulate my own felicity, that hath directed this Comedy unto you, who wear your nobleness with more security, than titles, and a name that continues bright and impassible among the constellations in our Sphear of English honour. I

leave

dare not detain you, Sir, with too long a Preface; if you please to entertain these Papers, as the modest tender of my service, I shall receive it as a most kind influence upon me; and you will engage to all your commands, the humble heart of

Sir,

Your faithfull Honourer,

JA. SHIRLEY.

Prologue

Prologue at the Black-Fryers.

DOes this look like a Term? I cannot tell,
Our Poet thinks the whole Town is not well;
Has took some Physick lately, and for fear
Of catching cold dares not salute this Ayr.
But ther's another reason, I hear say
London is gone to *York*, 'tis a great way;
Pox o'the Proverb, and of him say I;
That look'd ore *Lincoln*, cause that *was*, must we
Be now translated North? I could rail to
On Gammar *Shiptons* Ghost, but 't wo' not doe,
The Town will still be *flecking*, and a Play
Though ne'r so new, will starve the second day:
Upon these very hard conditions,
Our Poet will not purchase many Towns;
And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'l promise neither Play nor Poet live
Till ye come back, think what you do, you see
What audience we have, what Company
„ *To* Shakespear *comes, whose mirth did once beguile*
„ *Dull hours, and husk'd, made even sorrow smile,*
„ *So lovely were the wounds, that men would say*
„ *They could endure the bleeding a whole day*:
He has but few friends lately, think o'that,
Hee'l come no more, and others have his fate.
„ Fletcher *the Muses darling, and choice love*
„ *Of* Phœbus, *the delight of every Grove;*
„ *Vpon whose head the Laurel grew, whose wit*
„ *Was the Times wonder, and example yet,*
'Tis within memory, Trees did not throng,
As once the Story said to *Orpheus* song.
„ Johnson, *t'whose name, wise Art did bow, and wit*
„ *Is only justified by honouring it:*

„*To hear whose touch, how would the learned Quire*
„*With silence stoop? and when he took his Lyre,*
„Apollo *dropt his Lute, asham'd to see*
„*A Rival to the God of Harmonie.*
You do forsake *him* too, we must deplore
This fate, for we do know it by our *door*.
How must this Author fear then, with his guilt
Of weakness to thrive here, where late was spilt
The *Muses* own blood, if being but a few,
You not conspire, and meet more frequent too?
There are not now *nine Muses*, and you may
Be kind to ours, if not, he bad me say,
Though while you careless kill the rest, and laugh,
Yet he may live to write your *Epitaph*.

Persons.

Arnese, *Prince of Parma.*
Contarini, *a Noble man.*
Antonio, *Nuncio to the Sequent.*
Prapolo, *the chief Sauer.*
Longino
Strozzo
Rangino
Pacheque
Lucio, *Paulina's Sequent.*
Giovanni
Stephanio
Servants to Paulina.
Fabio.
Piperollo, *Sauer to Fabio.*
Countrymen.
Curtezans.
Petitioners.
A Scholar.

Pulcheria *disguised, and under the name of Ver*
Paulini
Angelina
Sisters.
Morulla, *wife to Fabio.*
Gentlewomen.

Scene Parma.

Persons.

FArnese, *Prince of Parma.*
Contarini, *a Noble man.*
Antonio, *Uncle to the Sisters.*
Frapolo, *the chief Bandit.*
Longino, Strozzo, Rangino, Pachequo } *Bandits.*
Lucio, Paulina's *Steward.*
Giovanni, Stephanio } *Servants to* Paulina.
Fabio.
Piperollo, *Sonne to* Fabio.
Countrymen.
Citizens.
Petitioners.
A Scholar.

Pulcheria *disguised, and under the name of* (geri Ve
Paulina, Angellina } *Sisters.*
Morulla, *wife to* Fabio.
Gentlewomen.

Scene Parma.

THE SISTERS.

ACT I.

Enter Frapolo, Longino, Pacheco, Rangone, Strozzi, and other Banditi.

Lon. Like not this last Proclamation.

Ra. Nor I...

St. It startled me to read it.

Fr. Did you read? tis a fault *Strozzo*.

I'l have no theef hereafter learn to
Threaten us with long winded Proclamations? (read;
We are safe within our Woods, and Territories,
And are above his Edicts; Have not wee
A Common-wealth among our selves, ye *Tripolites?*
A Common-wealth? a Kingdom; and I am
The Prince of *Qui-Vala's*, your Sovereign theef;
And you are all my Subjects.

Lo. We are---

Fr. And is there one so base to change Complexion,
Because we are proscrib'd? I'l be no Prince.
I have a grudging on me to be honest,
And leave you to the fear of hemp, and hunger;
Have I by stratagems so oft preserv'd you,
When you were howling out your lives, and lead
Away in Dog-couples by rusty Officers?
And are you struck dead with a Paper pellet?
Your bloud turn'd Whay, because there is reward
Promis'd to bring our heads in? I renounce you---
Land Rats---

Pa. Most excellent *Frapolo*, they recant;
A little humane frailty may be pardon'd.
Fr. Shall theeves, whose predecessors have been Kings,
And conquer'd worlds, be factious, and schismaticall?
I speak not for my self, but your own sakes,
Whose Impudence, and art in valiant theft,
Hereafter, may advance you to be Princes.
Lo. You have confirmed us.
Fr. You were best be rogues, and one betray another,
To get the base reward: do, lose your honour,
Live branded, and be pointed at i'th' street,
There goes a Rascall that betrai'd his Prince,
Or cut the throat of his Comrade, this will
Shew well i'th' Chronicles-- Stand fair you varlets,
Because we cannot tell whose heart is treacherous,
I will examine all your Phisnomies,
And in whose face soever I can find
A scandalous line, or look that may beget
Suspition of a Man that wo'not die
An honourable Rebell, and defie
The Laws, I'le shoot him presently.
Lo. Hang Laws,
And those that make 'em, Conscience is a Varlet;
Stand fair and shew complexions.
Fr. Ye are all valiant, honest theeve landers,
And I will be your Prince agen, and dy w'ee,
As boldly, as they dare invent---
Ra. Hang Cowards.
Fr. I will not have you theeves among your selves.
Lo. How's that, and please thy Excellence, not theeves?
Fr. Not theeves one to another; but Religious---
There is a kind of a Religion
We Outlaws must observe.
St. I never knew
Religion yet, and 'twill be now unseasonable
To learn.

Ra.

Ra. I'l be of no Religion.

Fr. Who was so bold
To say he would have no Religion?
What man is he, hopes to be drunk, to whore,
To scape the wheels, the Gallies, and the gallowes
And be of no Religion?

Lo. He says right.

Fr. Yee shall be of what Religion I please.

Pa. Tis fit we should, *Frapolo* is our Monarch.

Fr. And yet I must consider of some fit one
That shall become our trade
And constitutions; hum! Silence.

Str. Nay, nay Prince, take time to think on't,
Ther's no hast.

Fr. I have thought,
And you shall be no *Pagans*, *Jews*, nor *Christians*.

Lo. What then?

Fr. But every man shall be of all Religions.

Ra. I like that well.

Fr. Why should I clog your Conscience, or confine it?
Do but obey your Prince, and I pronounce
You shall live Grandees, till the State Phangs catch you;
And when you come unto the Wheel, or Gibbet,
Bid figo for the World, and go out Martyrs.

Omnes. A Prince, a Prince!

Fr. Provided, that no theef
Makes a Confession at his Death, or peach
His Tribe, or make a shew of penitence,
To make the Butter-women melt, and draw
Compassion from the toothless musty rabble;
This will exclude the benefit of that Canon
Declares you Martyrs for the Cause.

A noise within.

Scout and discover. *Exit Longino.*

Ra. Tis a howling voice.

Fr. What Cry was that?

Enter Longino.

Lo. Of one, whose pocket has given up the Ghost,
And with the fear his body should do so,
He howles O'this fashion.

They put on Vizards:

Fr. Bring him to our presence.

Piperello brought in.

Pi. Gentlemen, tis very cold, I beseech you
Do not strip my Skin off, you are not sure
I shall go to a fire when I go out of
This World; and yet as I am, I confesse
I shall yield very little burn'd.

Lo. Knock out his brains.

Pa. Pistoll him.

Sr. Cut's throat.

Pi. Gentlemen, hear me--- I am very sorry,
I had no greater sum--- but if you please
To reprieve a poor wretch, I may do you service,
And if you knew my inclination,
You would not be too Cruell.

Fr. To what are you inclin'd Sirra?

Pi. I have been commended for a Dexterity
At your fellonious trade; for Gentlemen,
I have been a Pickpocket of a child, and have
These many years been thought a pretty house-theef,
Mary I have not yet breeding abroad
With such deserving men, but I shall be
Most glad to learn, and if you please t' accept
Me to your tribe, I have Intelligence
Where money lyes hid, and very few Spirits
To guard it.

Fr. Be confident, and be cover'd.

Lo. Let him be one of us.

Fr. Be brief, where is this treasure?

Pi. I have an old Father, and Mother, Gentlemen,
Please you bestow a visit upon them;

They have some Goldfinches, having new sold
A peece of Land, was given 'em by the rich
Vincenzo, Father to the famous, proud
Paulina, now his heir.
Lo. The glorious Daughter
Of old *Vincenzo*? she's a *Semiramis*.
Pi. The very same; if you would visit her,
I am acquainted with the house.
Fr. Wee'l take a time to think on her; to th'point.
What ready money has your Father Sirra?
Pi. Tis but two days ago since he receiv'd
Six hundred Pistolets, I can direct
To a Cedar Chest, where the fine sum lies dormant.
St. What Servants has your Father?
Pi. Alas none, they are miserable Hinds,
And make me all the drudge, you need not fear
The Court-du-Guard; if you please let me go
An honest theeves part, and furnish me
With a Devills complexion, to hide my own,
I will conduct you.
Fr. A very honest fellow!
Pi. I do not love to be ingratefull where
I'm kindly us'd, my heart is honest.
Fr. Is he thy own Father?
Pi. My own Father and Mother Sir, the cause
Would not be so naturall else, and meritorious.
Fr. A precious rogue, fit him instantly
With a disguise, and let him have that face
The Devill wore in the last anti-masque.
Pi. It cannot be too ugly Sir to fright 'em.
Fr. But if he fail in any Circumstance---
Pi. 'Tis not far off, I know the neareſt way.
Fr. Or give the least suspition to betray you,
Be sure you cut his throat.
Lo. We shall.
Pi. I thank You Sir, d'ee think I'l be a Traytor?

Lo. Come first along with us. *Exeunt.*

Fr. You heard this fellow name the proud *Paulina*,
Her Chests are worth the rifling.

Pa. The Castle is impregnable she lives in.

Fr. Was that spoke like an understanding theef,
A true *Bandit* ? How I do blush for thee ?
Was not the Orchard of *Hesperides*
Watcht by a fierce, and flaming Dragon, robd ?
Shall wee despair to reach her golden Apples?
Wee'l make discovery of the place, and persons,
Put it to Fate, let Stars do what they please;
Mercury is a Stronger theef than *Hercules*.

Exeunt.

Enter Giovanni Stephanio.

Gio. What a brave time have we had, since our
Old Master died ?

St. Though he were a gallant man, his Daughter
Makes his Memory burn dym, and (compar'd
To her) he liv'd but like a Hermit in a Cell,
She is all Magnificent, a *Berenice*,
Every hair of her head worth stellyfying.

Gio. But my Lady, for so we must call her,
May be of kin to *Lucifer* for pride;
How many brave Gentlemen hath she despis'd,
When once their blister of Love broke out,
And they made offer of Mariage?

Enter Antonio, Angellina.

Ste. Here is her Sister *Angellina* a virgin
Of another constitution, their two natures
As different are, as the two Poles, our Mistress
Cannot be so Tyrannically proud
As she is sweet, and humble.

Gio. That's the reason her Father left her only
As much as would commend her to a Nunnery.

St. Her Uncle dotes upon her.

Gio. He does love her.

St.

St. Tis an old blunt brave fellow; but he has
Quite loſt our gallant Ladies good opinion,
He is out of grace.

Ex. Ant. Ang.

Gio. Becauſe he would correct her inſolence,
Who oblig'd by her father to the care of
Her governour, wo'not tie up his Counſell,
Which he enforces ſometimes ſo paſſionately,
It is a ſport to hear her contempt of his gravity.

Enter Paulina, Antonio.

He has met my Lady, I ſee a quarrell
In their looks already, let us withdraw
Behind that Lobby, we may hear, and
Laugh ſecurely. *Exeunt.*

An. How long have you been ſpeechleſs? am
Not I your Uncle? why do you look ſo ſcurvily?
I do not think you are a Princeſſe yet,
And therefore take the boldneſs to ſalute you,
Without the Ceremony of Petitioners
That haunt your Ladiſhips charity; or if
You thought me deſpicable, your Siſter has
Deſerv'd your ſmile.

Pa. It may be ſo——

An. Buffoones,
That make an Idoll of you, and can pawn
Their Souls to flatter you, ſhould be entertaind,
And Courted to your vanity. I bluſh for you;
Will nothing bring you into ſenſe of Honour
Or Modeſty? I ha done.

Pa. It will become you;
You do preſume too much.

An. Preſume? why, are
Not you *Paulina*, am not I *Antonio*
Your Uncle? ſpeak.

Pa. I do remember Sir,
I calld you ſo, while you preſerv'd your wits,

And may acknowledge you again, upon
Sober Conditions, and your Senſes perfect.
An. Sober Conditions? am I Drunk, Gipſey?
What fleſh is able to forbear. Doſt hear?
Thou haſt drunk a Devill.
Pa. I did not ſee him in my Cup.
An. And he has ſweld thee to this monſtrous pride,
More than thy Sex beſide; if thou goeſt on
At this rate, thou wilt make *Lucifer* an Ape,
He muſt be thy Diſciple.
Pa. The Old thing raves:
An. Thing? what thing? thank heaven thou
Art a woman; I would beat thee into a Poltiſe---
When didſt thou ſay thy prayers?
Pa. You know I keep a Chaplain.
An. Thy Soul wants deſperate lancing;
Ther's an eternall Ulcer in thy heart,
Te Witches cannot ſuck it dry, there is
A bath of Poyſon in thee.
Pa. I ſhall pity him;
A Poſſet, and to bed with him, his head
Does want the benefit of ſleep; how wild
The good man looks?
An. Thou art---
Pa. The Miſtreſs of this Caſtle as I take it,
Without your Legacy. (fear
An. I could rail upon the dead for't; doſt thou not
Thy Fathers ghoſt ſhould haunt thee?
Pa. I never think upon him, and it was
His providence to leave me an eſtate,
To keep me from thoſe Malancholy fancies,
And I will have you my caprichious Uncle
Know, in the Circle of theſe my Dominions,
I will have no Competitor.
An. Dominions?
Was ever ſuch an inſolence? are not you

Some

ome Queen conceald?

Pa. I am Independent, and sole regent here.

An. So so,
Where's your Nobility? they are to blame
Not to attend---

Pa. Who waits?

Enter Giovanni, Stephanio.

An. But they do want white Staves, this is
Not State enough.

Pa. It shall be mended, let them be remembred.

An. She's in earnest--- and
If I were worthy to advise you Madam,
Your grace should be a little more reserv'd,
And entertain none that did treat of Mariage
To your private conference, untill they had
In publick receiv'd audience like Ambassadors.

Pa. I like the Counsell well, it shall be so,
The next that comes shall find it my good Uncle.

An. She's incorrigible.
What if you commanded those that do attend
Your person to observe you on their knees
Sometimes, they must be humble to your highness;
I can forget my gray hairs, name, and bloud,
And teach your Servants duty.

Pa. The example
Will edifie the houshold, and you may,
By fair degrees rise to our Princely favour.

Enter Lucio.

Lu. Madam, the Lord *Contarini* is arrived
The Castle.

Pa. He comes a woing to me, let it be
Your Office reverend Uncle to acquaint him,
Our pleasure is to give him Audience
To Morrow in full State, untill when Uncle,
Make it your care, his entertainment be
Such as becomes the greatness of his bloud,

And one, on whom the Prince, we know, bestows
His speciall grace.

An. D'ee hear sweet Niece? be not you transporte
This is no dream, the man is no mock-lord.

Pa. I'l be a Princess here, as you directed,
If he can humble himself to Ceremony,
Promise him honourable access, and freedom,
If the Conditions please him not, he may
Return, and leave our Court. *Ex*

An. Is this in Nature? well I'l follow her,
And if she be not past all shame, and senses,
I will humble or confound her. *Ex*

ACT II.

Enter Longino, Strozzo, Binding Fabio, and Morulla.

Mo. AH sweet Gentlemen, we are very poor,
And have a great Charge.

Str. We do come to ease you of your charge.

Fa. Pity my age.

St. You must then pity our youth.

Enter Piperollo visarded with three bags.

Pi. Here, share and share like.

Mo. Alas we are undone.

St. What shall we do with them?

Pi. If you have bound her hands and feet, you
May try whether she be a Witch or no, there's
A Pond in the backside, if she swim, so---
For him?

Fa. Have some compassion, tis our whole estate.

Lo. You have a Son, a pious child we hear.

St. He will not let you want.
Mo. Alas poor boy, he little thinks what we
With care and providence laid up for him
Should thus be loſt. O pity Gentlemen.
Pi. Boh —Lets away.
St. I begin to find a kind of a compunction,
Let us be charitable theeves for once---
Lo. And return half,
What ſay you?
Pi. Not a gazet, y'are not ſuch fooliſh theeves;
Part with preſent money? part with my life firſt.
St. Not to your Parents?
Pi. We uſe them well, becauſe we do not carry
Their Cowes away; there they have Cheeſe, and Butter,
Bread comes by nature; and they both can glean,
There's water in the Well too; not a penny---
If you will be ſo charitable, defalk
From your own ſhares, mine is a juſt theeves part;
I look for thanks, diſtribute your own alms;
Theſe things muſt be employ'd to better uſes.
Is a Father, and Mother conſiderable
To ready mony; oh! fie---boh!
St. Then we muſt over-rule you.
Trips up his heels.
Pi. Ah what do you mean?
St. Baul and betray your ſelf at your own peril.
We will be bold with your theeves part---
Come neerer--- Look you good Woman,
You ſhall not loſe your thirds, ſay you have met
With honeſt theeves; this ſhall ſuffice at preſent,
Which we but borrow neither, that you may not
Suſpect our payment, you ſhall have ſecurity,
This honeſt man bound for't, and ſo we leave you.
Fa. Tis money.
Ma. And left one of their fellows bound.
Fa. Do we not dream Wife? I dare not come neer
Him.

Mo.

Mo. They are gone, I'l see his complexion;
Who's this?

Fa. Our own Son *Piperollo*?

Pi. Pray Father give me your blessing, ah---
Mother do not stone me to death with that
Money bag, I am your Son.

Mo. My Son? I know thee not.

Pi. A liar, you know Mother, is worse than a
Theef; do not destroy the hopes of your Family;
Alas, I was drawn in, and made a theef
In my own defence, they swore to cut my throat
Else, do you think I had so little grace --

Mo. Did they so? I'l try what I can do.

She draws her knife.

Pi. Oh my quibibles! sweet Mother, remember
You were a woman in your days, that knew
What's what, and the true difference of things.
I am a man yet, your forgiveneſſe may
Make me a true man. Libbing, and hanging
Are no helps to posterity, I am your own
Sweet fleſh and bloud--- Oh.

Mo. Kick him out of doors.

Pi. I thank you, this Correction may do me good;
Gently, ah gently; shall I not ask you blessing,
A twelve-month hence?

Both. Never.

Pi. I wo'not.
My Mother has a deadly lift with her leg.

Fa. Boh, you tadpole. *Exeunt.*

Pi. I shall do no good o'this trade.
Now to my wits, this is no world to starve in.

Exit

Enter Lucio, Giovanni, Stephanio, with white Staves.

Lu. This is very fine; do not these Staves become us?
But will my Lady be thus mad, and give

The Lord *Contarini* Audience in such State?
She takes upon her like a very Princess. (her?
Gio. But is't not strange, her Uncle should thus humor
Ste. He gave her the first hint, which she pursues
To his vexation.
Luc. But will my Lord stoop to this mockery?
Gio. He is prepar'd by her Uncle; 'twil be sport,
If she but carry it with pride enough.
Gio Let her alone.
St. And if my Lord wants confidence---
Gio. I think her impudence will make him blush,
And put him out; I have seen a Counterfeit
With such a Majesty compose himself,
He thought himself a Prince, could frown as scornfully,
And give his hand out to great Lords to kiss,
With as much grace, as all the Royall bloud
Had musterd in his veins.
Lu Some Monarch
Of Innes a Court in *England* sure; but when
His reign expires, and Christmas in the grave
Cold as the Turkies coffind up in crust,
That walk like Ghosts, and glide to severall Tables,
When Instruments are hoarse with sitting up,
When the gay triumph ceases, and the treasure
Divided, all the Offices laid up,
And the new cloathes in Lavender, what then?
Gio. Why then the man that kist his highness hand
O'r night, may justle him for the wall next morning,
And have it too; if he come off with all
His wits, the Play is paid for, and he fit
For travell.

Enter Contarini, Antonio, Vergerio, they whisper.

My Ladies Uncle, and the Lord *Contarini.*
Ver. My Lord *Contarini* expects when he
May have the happiness to present his service

To your great Lady.

Lu. We shall Sir acquaint her.

Ver. Your Office Sir?

Lu. Her Steward.

Ver. Yours I pray?

St. Mine, Treasurer.

Gio. Mine, Controller.

Ver. I kiss your hands; this may be worth my Lords Curiosity.

An. For the mirths sake, my Lord be pleas'd, you may Do an act of Charity and restore her Senses; I'l wait on you again. *Exit.*

Con. Now *Vergerio*?

Ver. The expectation is increas'd, her Officers Observe the State; were your affections earnest And I my Lord your Mistresse, I should trust Her pride.

Con. Unless she ravish me.

Enter Antonio.

An. She's upon entrance, her madness holds, Your confidence may convert her, shees my Neece And I am sorry for it.

Enter Paulina attended in State, Angellina, Ladies.

Pa. Give him accesse.

Con. What Ladies that stands on her right hand?

An. Her younger Sister, that does vex me as much With her humility, as the other with Her impudence.

Con. An excellent peece, *Vergerio*.

Ver. Which my Lord?

Con. Madam, the glory of your time and Nation, Whose looks do shine with Majesty, and shoot A flame t' undoe the admirer, O call in Some beams that wait upon the thrones of light, Or I shall fall your sacrifice, and not finish

What my great Master gave me in charge.
Lu. Has the Prince a mind to her himself.
St. Tis not impossible.
Pa. Speak on my Lord.
An. Gipsey, she does believe the lightni[illegible]er eys
Will blast indeed, how scornfully she [illegible]looks
Con. I come from the great Sovereign of hearts,
Whose glorious monarchy uncircumscrib'd,
Extends to all the habitable world,
Where ever land or lover stretch'd his arm,
Whose Scepter's not like that of common Kings,
But a bright golden shaft feather'd with sighs,
And headed with a flame, which finds access,
Like subtill lightning to the most secure,
And stubborn Cell that ever yet inclos'd
A humane thought --
Lu. He flies high.
Gio. Tis his arrow--
Pa. Speak this great name.
Con. The most immortall Prince of Love--
Gio. A high and mighty Prince indeed.
Lu. Tis not our Prince of *Parma* then?
Con. Unto your beauty Madam, that makes sweet
The breath of Fame, in his name I am sent
To offer up a Servant, rich with wonder,
And humble thoughts that honour you; who can
See those perfections and not adore
The Divine Owner? Brightness that offends
The innocent eye that gazes, is in you
The cure of blindness, and the filmes that hang
Upon the humble sight, fall off and vanish,
That it may take new life and light from you.
An. Is she not yet ridiculous to her self?
Con. I can leave Cupids Court to live with you,
And all those bowers, where an eternall spring
Makes every flower in love with it's own beauty.

The

The wind whose airy wings convey all sweetness
That sense can entertain, I would exchange
But to be near your breath; and think there dwels
A harmony in your voice, above the airs
Of all those charming Birds by love selected
From eve[illegible]good to be his quire. I fear
I am too bold, and may be thought to wander;
If Madam you accept my amorous vows,
Which live yet in the weak expression
Of him that honours you, time will produce
A white and fortunate hour to crown our loves
With nuptiall happiness.

Pa. You have relation
To the Court of *Parma*, your name Lord
Contarini, you have no Message from you Master?

Con. Madam your fame hath fild his Court, and he
Presents by me his Princely wishes of
Your happiness, and should he see your person,
Like mine, his heart I fear would melt into
A stream of Love and Admiration.

Pa. Sir, we accept in good part greeting from
The Prince, but you have no commission
To treat for him; the substance of your own
Affair will ask our pause, we will take time
To answer, which till you receive, you may
Command our Court. *Exeunt Paulina, Servan*

Angellina stayes.

Ver. Proud folly!

Ant. Prodigious impudence!

Con. What think you Signior?

Ant. I am confounded, I'l to her agen. *Ex*

Ang. When shall I awake?
This sure is but a dream, the Gentleman
Cannot so much mistake his time and Language.

Con. I came with Curiosity to see
Her pride so talk'd of, but my heart I feel

Is taken with an object of true sweetness.
Is't not a lovely figure? say *Vergerio*.
Ver. If but her mind answer that fair proportion,
My Lord she is worth love, but being Sister
To a woman of such pride---
Con. I prethee leave me.
Ver. She is very beautifull; my Lord is taken. *Exit.*
Con. Lady, but that ther's story for your births,
I should make judgment by your modest face,
This arrogant woman could not be your Sister.
Ang. Sir, if your expectation be not answered
With her full worth, I shall beseech you name her
With less disgrace, (our bloud so neer) it cannot
Be gratefull to my ear, to hear her blemishes.
Con. I was prepar'd before to meet this goodness;
These words and looks become that innocent spring
From whence they flow, vertue hath such an army
About your heart, ther's nothing can approach
Ill to betray it, or proceed from you
But warranted by honour.
An. I know not,
But sure my Lord, you talk too fine a language
For me to understand; we are far from Court,
Where though you may speak Truth, you cloath it with
Such trim and gay apparell, we that only
Know her in plainness, and simplicity,
Cannot tell how to trust our ears, or know,
When men dissemble.
Con. By your own love
To truth, you must beleeve me, when I say,
Although it took beginning from this visit,
I love no beauty but your self.
Ang. You said you lov'd my Sister, and exprest
Your passion in such mighty phrase and fancie
I thought your soul had made a business on't,
Pardon the weakness of my faith if I

Dare not believe this change.
Con. Your Sister, Lady,
I came to visit, not affect, I heard,
And had a purpose but to try how neer
The wonder of her pride (pardon sweet Virgin)
Came to a truth, nor did I Court her with
The language of a meaning lover; but
Prepared by your Vncle, meant to make her see
Her miserable folly; I dare not
Present such Mockeries to you; suspect not
This hasty address; by your fair self, I love you.
Ang. My Lord, If I believ'd this, reall Courtship,
I should not entertain your honour with a
A fruitless Expectation, but declare,
Besides my want of fortune, beauty, birth,
To make me worth your love, I am already
Contracted by my Father to Religion,
Whose will I cheerfully obey, and wait
When my good Uncle will dispose me to
A Nunnery. *Con.* A Nunnery?
Ang. Where for
So great an honour you pretend to me
A most unworthy maid, I'l offer up
My prayers, that you may choose a heart more equall
To your own love, and greatness.

Enter Antonio, Paulina, and Servants.

Con. Nay you must
Not leave me so, we are interrupted, you
May trust me fair one with a nearer Conference.
Exeunt.

Pa. Alas poor old man.
Ant. The Old man before your borrowed Ladiship
Is bold to keep his head warm, and to tell you
You are a Puppet, take that to your titles
Of honour.
Pa. So Sir, none restrain his insolence?

Ant.

Ant. I'l make him swallow down his staff of Office
That stirs. I ha'not done. Canst be so impudent
To think his Lordship does not laugh at thee?
Your eys the thrones of light? a brace of Lanthorns,
In which two snufs of Candle close to th'socket,
Appear like fire-drakes, and will serve to light
A traveller into a Ditch. You Madam Majesty,
And the glory of a Nation?
Tho'art a disease to Honour, Modesty,
A Feaver in thy Fathers bloud, a Gangren
Upon his name, a Pox upon thee for't;
Ther's one disease more, yet I have not done.

Pa. My Charity may invite, if these fits hold,
Some close provision for you 'mong mad men;
I do command you leave my house.

Ant. I wo'not,
I'l fire the house; dost hear? thou wo't burn well,
Th'ast Oil enough about thy face, and all
Thy body Pitch, very combustible.
But I'l not be damn'd for thee, now I think on't,
And since no Counsell will prevail, I'l save
My self. Before I go, give but a reason
Why thou dost slight this gallant Lord, and squint
As if he were Groom or Foot man.

Pa. I'l tell you,
You would have the truth.

Ant. If thou canst speak any.

Pa. I do esteem my self
More equall for his Master.

Ant. Who, the Prince?

Pa. No, the blind Prince of Love, you are wise Uncle,
But I am out of Poetry.

Ant. I think I were best cut off thy head, and save
The Laws a labour--- Ther's no talking to her.

Pa. I am of your mind Uncle, you may edifie
Your charge, my younger Sister, she's not proud,

Pray take her w'ee, shee'l become the Cloister;
Go, and be mortified together, take her,
I am weary of her.

Ant. And I of thee;
She shall be further off too, thou'lt infect her,
Although her foolish Father, (yet he was
My Brother) I have not power to speak
Well o'th'dead, gave thee his whole Estate,
I have a fortune, dost thou hear? I have,
And to vex thee, thy Sister shall have that,
I'l see, and I can make her proud, I'l do't;
She shall have Servants, Suters, Fidlers, Flatterers,
Fine Cloathes, and all the food that can provoke
To glorifie her sense; I have bags to spare,
She shall not to a Nunnery to vex thee,
I say again she shall not, wee'l have humours;
The to'ther Pox upon thee, and farewell.

Pa. I fear he's mad indeed. Let me have Musick,
This talk has made me Melancholy. *Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Lucio, Piperollo.

Lu. FOr thy Mothers sake thou shalt be entertain'd.

Pi. An under Butler would fit me rarely,
Ther's none i'th'house that shall be sooner drunk,
Nor oftner for my Ladies credit Sir.

Lu. Can you write?

Pi. And read in print Sir.

Lu. Art thou faithfull? may a man trust thee?

Pi. For more than I'l speak on; trusted? I was boun
For two Gentlemen lately, that could not take up
Five hundred Pistols upon other security,

M

My Father and Mother knows it; I shall never
Endure a theef for a thing that I know, alas
You know I am a neighbors child, my mother
Was your good Ladies nurse.

Lu. Do not I know thy Mother?

Pi. Better it may be, than I know my Father.

Lu. Till some Office fall i'th'house, you shall serve me,
And ride with me, to receive my Ladies Rents.

Enter Controller Giovanni.

Gio. Mr. Steward, yonder are the rarest fellows,
In such phantasticall habits too, they call
Themselves Mathematicians.

Lu. What do they come for?

Gio. To offer their service to my Lady, and tell for-
tunes.

Lu. Have they no chief?

Gio. Yes a quaint philosophicall fellow, they call
Him a *Caldean*, a great Schollar, they do
Not come for money like your starch'd fac'd
Egyptians, but carry things for the credit of
The Mathematiques honourably; my Lady hath
Given the *Caldean* her Nativity, who is to consult
With the Ephemerides, and give account how
The Stars wil dispose of her.

Pi. We shall know all our fortunes then.

Gio. The worst of his train can discipher hands,
Tell foreheads.

Pi. And Noses.

Gio. One at the first sight did but whisper to my
Ladies Gentlewoman, and she did so blush
Through her Tiffany.

Pi. That's no great matter, I have seen one blush
Through a Plaister of *Paris*.

Lu. How's that?

Pi. A kind of *French* painting Sir.

Gio. Well said *Piperolle*;
I have entertain'd him; but my Lady.

Enter Paulina, Gentlewomen.

Pa. The *Caldean*
Pleases me, I long to hear my fortune,
If it be good he shall have a reward
To cherish his great Art, and worth my bounty;
What if my Stars should frown?
Didst bid 'em follow?

Ste. They are all ready Madam.

Pi. Musicall knaves.

Enter Longino, Rancone, Pacheco, Strezzo, in queint disguises.

A Song.

Beauty and the various grace,
That adorn the sweetest faces,
Here take their glorious throne; may he
That is the God of Archerie,
Never aim one angry Dart,
But soft, and gentle as your heart,
Court it with flame, and rich perfume,
To light, and sweeten, not consume.

Pa. Not the *Caldean* come yet? my thoughts are
Inflam'd with fierce desire to know my Destiny;
You have skill Gentlemen; but I'l expect
The judgment of your Master on my Fate;
When the great man of art returns acquaint me. *Exit.*

Ste. Come my friends, lets lose no time; Sir.

Lo. I am for you to the extent of my Art Signiour.

Ra. If it please you, let me peruse your hand.

Lu. 'Tis at your service.

Pi. Please you to examine my Palm; can you
Tell me learned Sir, what is past?

Pa. You know that already.

Pi. 'Twill be a satisfaction to me, if you can
Make it appear, that you know something
In that point.

Lo. A Fracture in the Mercuriall line, and the

Mount

Mount of *Saturn* ill characted! you are Neer a misfortune Sir. [*Strazzo picks* [*Stephani. pocket.*

Ra. Jupiters Mount is well form'd and colour'd
A Cross conspicuous, the Suns Mount well
Figur'd, and *linea solis*, without any intersection,

Lu. Your ludgment upon that Sir?

Enter Antonio.

An. More Anticks yet? What Nation have we here,
Fortune flingers!

Str. You shall know yours immediately.

An. Her house is open for these Mountebanks,
Cheaters, and Tumblers, that can foist and flatter
My Lady Gugaw; Every office open,
When Poor men that have worth and want an Alms,
May perish ere they pass the Porters lodge;
What are you Sir?

Str. One of the Mathematicians noble Signior.

An. Mathematicians? Mungrell,
How durst thou take that learned name upon thee?
You are one of those knaves that stroul the Country,
And live by picking worms out of fools fingers. (*Cato.*

Str. And something out of your trunks, my reverend

An. Busie the raskals are, how the rogues stink?
I'l send your Regiment a Quarter-master. *Exi.*

Str. Now to my other gamester.

Pa. You have been---

Pi. What Sir?

Pa. In your ear--- a theef.

Pi. He has a Devil; good Sir not too loud.

Pa. And you shall be---

Pi. Hang'd I warrant you.

Pa. Let me see tother hand.

Pi. Shall it scape with burning?

Ra. You shall be a Lord.

Lu. A Lord.

Ra. Hum, yes, a Lord infallibly.

Pa. You shall be a Knight Sir.
Pi. Of the theeves Order, and wear my rich
Collar of hemp; is't not so?
Pa. An honourable Knight, upon my word.
Lu. A Lord--- Pray give your opinion. [*To Lorenzino.*
Lo. Your hand--- you shall be a right worshipfull---
Lu. One of your tribe told me I should be a Lord. (ry.
Str. And shall be us'd accordingly, Lords are transito-
Strozzo picks Lut oes pocket.
Lo. Let me see tother hand. I marry Sir, this line
Cleeres the doubt, and markes you right
Honourable, which makes up the tother half
Of your fortune Signior, these two parallell lines
From the dexter angle to be the Mount of *Sol*,
Has made all plain, you must be a Lord.
Pi. He has given you a very good reason Sir,
A man can have but half his fortune in one
Hand, and two right worshipfulls makes up
One right honourable; these are rare fellowes,
I am predestinate to be a Knight,
The Stars may do their pleasure, I obey.
This should be the *Caldean.*
Enter Frapolo, Castruchio he whispers to the rest.
Fr. I have narrowly observed the Castle, and
Where the treasure lies, I know my Lady
In honour will entertain us this night, and
When they are asleep wee'l take our opportunity
To rifle her Exchequer, boyes, mean time
Let me alone to humour her proud Nature;
I will so claw her ambition.
Lu. In the interim, I'l put a question to
His Astrology. Sir, If you please till my Lady
Return to satisfie her Seward, and oblige him
By your Art, one of your under Mathematicks
Has given me a Comfortable Destinie.
Fr. Your hand. When were you born?

L

Lu. I know not Sir. *Ran.* A Lord— [*Ran. whispers*

Fr. No Matter, *Venus* in the Ascendent with *Sol*, being Lady of your seventh; hum, hum, With *Jupiter*, designes you to be a Lord.

Lu. They all agree; the miracle of learning! One question more I beseech you Sir, I Am to ride with my Man to receive my Ladies Rent to morrow through the Forrest—

Fr. Go to.

Lu. Now I desire to know, whether we shall be Rob'd in our return or no?

Fr. What time do you think precisely to come Back Sir, for we should know the very minute.

Lu. The Money is ready Sir, and we do purpose, In your ear———

Fr. Yes, you shall be rob'd, ther's nothing in Nature to prevent it.

Pi. Will they kill us, and please you?

Fr. No, they shall not kill you, they shall only Take your money, and break your pate, that Will be all.

Pi. Why let 'em rob us Sir, the loss of our Money Will be an evidence of our preferment, and you May have more assurance to be a Lord, and I of my Knighthood---- My Lady Sir.

Enter Paulina.

Fr. Madam, the Stars shine with their full beams Upon you, Who by me their interpreter, salute You with a glorious fortune: For *Lu.*'s Lord of your Horoscope in the right angle of heaven, and a royall Fixt Sar calld *Regulus*, or the Lions hart, culminating With him, and a naturall reception between *Mars*, And *Sol* Lord of the tenth, being in the first with *Mercury* and *Venus* in the house of honour, besides A Conjunction of *Jupiter* and *Luna* in *Pisces*, in The house of Mariage. I must give Iudgment.

Pa.

Pa. I shall beseech your cleerer language.
Fr. You shall be Married to a Prince, it is inevitable.
Pa. A Prince?
Lu. May not I come to be a Lord then?
Pi. And I a Knight?
Pa. When shall I see him?
Fr. He shall within few days visit your Castle,
Drawn hither with the fame of your person,
And bravery. I need not instruct you to entertain
Him with State and Ceremony becoming his
Excellence, but if he Court you not into his arms,
I will renounce the Stars, and say there is no
Truth in Astrology.
Pa. How my thoughts swel already.
Fr. She has swallowe'd it.
Pa. Give him five hundred Pistolets.
Fr. Do not wrong so much
One that does honour you; as I bribe not
The Stars to tell me their Decrees, I dare not
For money sell their Secrets, and if any
That have relation to me presume
To take a *Iulio*---
Lo. By no means Madam---
Pa. I like it that no Mercenary ends
Guide 'em to flatter me. [*A Drum far off.*
Lo. Is not that a March? *Exit.*
Pi. If it entrench not too far upon your art,
This Prince, Sir, has a Name.
Fr. And rules this Province,
Farneſe is a Bachelour.
Pa. The Prince of *Parma*?
My bloud refines in every vein already,
Dull heavy Souls that are content to drudge
In humble thoughts.
Enter Longino and whispers to Frapolo.
Lo. I Fear we are betraid;

The

The Countries up and marching to the Castle.
We may be all surpriz'd let us to, horse--- *Exit.*

Pa. Deny not, Sir, this night an entertainment,
Such as my Castle yields, it sha'not spread
To receive guests more welcome.

Lu. A Drum Madam. *Exit.*

Ra. Must we not stay and rob the house to night?

Er. Madam, my art foretells I cannot be
Safe to remain here, at my return
I wo'not baulk your Castle, i'th' mean time
Cherish high thoughts, your Stars do call you Princess,
So kissing your fair hand---

Pa. Make me not so unhappy.

Fr. There is no dispute with Destinie,
I take my humble leave, away to horse. *Exeunt.*

Pa. This more amazeth me, what danger should
Provoke this hast, if it prove their concernment,
I must believe they do converse with Fate,
And trust to them as Oracles; a Princess?
Was not my Soul Prophetical?

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Madam, some accident hath rais'd your tenants,
They march in fury this way, in strange postures
And Arms, as if they came to storm the Castle.

Enter Piperelle.

Pi. Madam, we are all undone, the Clubs are up,
Your Tenants are turn'd Rebels, and by this time
Entred the Hall; and threaten to surprize
I know not whom; But the *Caldean*, and
His troop are vanish'd, they foresaw this tempest.

Pa. What should this mean?

Enter Countrymen armed.

1. Come on you men of lusty *Chine*, Dear Lady
Be not affrighted, Captain of thy Guard
Am I, thy naturall Tenant, and thy Vassall;
Where be these Sunburnt *Ethiopians*?

I wo'not leave one Canting Rogue alive.
Pa. What *Æthiopians*, what Canting Rogues?
Do not your Clounships know me?
1 Know our Princess?
We honour thee, and rise in thy defence;
Where be these theeves? we heard there were
A Regiment, that came to Cheat and Plunder.
Pa. Y'are a Knot
Of knaves and fools, and shall repent this insolence;
You that command in chief, good Captain *Bumbard*,
May teach your Raggamuffins face about,
Was it your stratagem to fright my guests?
1 Your Uncle told us Madam, and commanded.
Pa. Was it his plot? he's still my enemy.
1 Pardon us Madam,
We came simply hither to do you service;
Kneel, or we shall all be stript out of our Tenements.
Pa. My Uncle has abus'd you,
But this submission takes our anger off,
Continue dutifull to my Commands,
And you shall be remembred; *Piperollo*--- *Exit.*
Pi. I know the Buttery Madam; follow me,
It is my Ladies pleasure you be drunk,
And thank her grace ye keep your Copiholds;
Dee you bring up the rear, I'l march in front. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio, Contarini.

Ant. Passion O'me, it is to great an honour,
Refuse a man of your high bloud and name,
That Courts her honourably? I could beat her.
Con. 'Tis not impossible at my return
To find a change. I must to Court agen.
Ver. The horses my Lord are ready.
Con. Vergerio---
Ant. What a Baggage 'tis, shees all for the Nunnery,
She sha'not have her will, I'l undo my self
But I'l destroy this Modesty; if I could

But

But make her proud there were some hope on her.
Ver. My Lord you may command, but how unfit,
I am to manage this affair.
Con. Thou hast a powerfull Language, it prevail'd
On me when I first saw thee, since which time
I have not deserv'd unkindly from thee, and
This trust speaks more than Common favour.
Ver. Make me his advocate to *Angellina*?
An. My Lord, if you can still preserve these thoughts
Of honour to us, leave her to my Counsell.
Con. Most cheerfully, I am not desperate;
This Gentleman I'l leave to wait upon her,
Who is privy to my Counsells, and affection.
An. Your Lordship hath found trust in him, but that
Sha'not excuse my care, to make her know
Her happiness, and the Honour of our Family,
By meeting your commands. She's here.

Enter Angellina, Francescina.

Francescina tell me, what hope of your Mistress?
How does thy Counsell work? does she pray less
Then she was wont? or listen now and then
When thou talk'st wantonly, does she smile upon't?
Fr. Between our selves, I put her to a smiling
Blush.
Ant. What said she, tell me on thy modesty,
When she found her dear delight, the legend
Of the Saints remov'd, and *Ovids* tales of
Jupiter put in the place?
Fr. She said, that *Iupiter*
Was a most sensuall Heretick, and the cestus
That *Venus* wore was not St. *Francis* girdle.
Ant. How did she like the picture of *Leander*,
Swimming the *Hellespont* upon his back?
How that of *Cleopatra* kissing *Antony*?
Fr. She Says that Queen was none of the poor Clares,

But one bread up in black *Ægyptian* Darkneſs;
All I can ſay, ſhe is not deſperate,
I ſing no Anthems to her.
Ant. What ſays ſhe to her dancing Maſter?
Fr. She is paſt her honor; that's a precious fellow,
She'l laugh to ſee him gamboll with his limbs,
His head flies like a Ball about the room,
You'd think he were at Tennis with it.
Ang. Though in the guilt and knowledge of my own
Defects, to anſwer ſuch an honourable
Eſteem of me, I dare not yet preſume
To meet it; I ſhall want no pious thoughts
For this ſo great a bounty to a poor
Deſertleſſe Virgin.
Ant. Hang your pious thoughts
And love my Lord.
Con. Not for the wealth of *Parma*
Should my Cauſe force one cloud upon her face
Or put her eys to the expence of tears,
It ſhall be argument for me to hope,
If ſhe accept this youth to wait upon her,
Who may in ſome auſpicious hour, prepare me
A gentle ſeat within her heart, mean time
I leave upon your Virgin lip the faith,
Of your true Servant Lady.
Ant. I'l attend you
To horſe my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Ang. Poor miſerable maid,
Faln now beneath the pity of thy ſelf;
My heart, on which ſo late a flame of Heaven
Stream'd comfort in my holy reſolutions,
Is fil'd with love, but not of *Contarini*,
Whoſe paſſion may deſerve anothers welcome.
I prethee *Franceſcina* take thy Lute
And let me hear thy voice.
Fr. I can ſing *Venus* and *Adonis* to you.

Ang.

Ang. Any thing.

Fr. Or will you hear the pleasant Dity
How fair *Calisto* first became a Nunne.

Ang. I prethee do not name a Nun, the flame
That I feel here deserves no Vestall name.

Fr. I'l do my best to fit you,
Ther's no such tool in nature as a Chambermaid
To work upon her Mistress. *Exeunt.*

ACT IIII.

Enter Frapolo, Longino, Strozzo, Pacheco, with the rest.

Fr. IT was a fatall business to lose such
An opportunity.

Lo. My Lady was wound up so rarely.

Str. We were betraid for certain; 'twas high
Time to scud, and get into our Territories;
Now we are safe in our Grots, secure as
The *Minotaur*, and keep the clew of our
Own Labyrinths.

Pa. We lost a rare design, but in my opinion,
Tis better scouting here with our heads on,
Than have 'em carryed in by Clowns at the Court rate.

Fr. The ignorant Rogues would nere ha 'sold
Them to their worth.

Lo. And they dare as soon venter upon Hell,
As Shoot their heads into this Furnace.

Fr. But this *Claridiana* sha'not scape so,
I am resolv'd to visit her again, and I am
Glad I prepar'd another expectation, these
Difficulties shall make our next attempt
More glorious.

Lo.

Lo. Those shapes will conjure up the Bores again.
St. She does expect the *Caldean.*
Fr. Hang the *Caldean.* I have a new device
Shall scoure the Castle, and make Dame
Guinever with all her pride, thank and adore
The invention.
Lo. How dear *Frapolo*? how? *Whooting within.*
Fr. Scout and discover, *Strozzo.*
Str. I see but two men coming down the Hill.
Fr. Cannot their worships travell with less noise?
Lo. They durst not be so confident without a number,
'Tis good to be secure, the noise approaches,
Lets to our shells.
Fr. Do you lie perdue still. *They retire.*
Pa. I do not like their confidence, these may be
The enemies scouts, lets non engage to soon
For fear of a reserve. The State has threatned
To send their Vermin forth.
Fr. Obscure: close, close.

Enter Lucio, Piperollo.

Lu. What dost thou mean?
Thou hast a mind to be rob'd indeed.
Pi. I would have art maintain'd in reputation;
You know my Lady is to be a Princess,
And you must be a Lord, and I be dubbed;
But if we be not rob'd, I know not how
To trust the Mathematicks or the Stars;
I am afraid all the *Bandits* are hang'd,
A thousand Pistols should not fear to travell.
Lu It is not wisdom to proclaim our charge;
Though I could be content to be a Lord,
I am not over hearty, theeves are theeves,
And life is precious, prethee lets make hast.
Pi. Illo ho ho,
Think upon your honour, are there no Gentlemen?
No wanting Gentlemen that know how to spend

A quantity of Gold?
There is no thief in Nature.
Str. The Gentleman
Is very merry, they that mean well, and
Have their wits about 'em, do not use
To call upon our Tribe. This is a plot,
A very plot, and yet the Coast is cleer,
Now I may reach their voice.
Pi. It wo'not be, was ever men distrest so?
Lu. Come we are well yet *Piperollo*, if
The Stars Decree our robbery, it will follow.
Pi. I pray Sir lets sit down here, as you hope to
Be a Lord, we must do our endeavour and help
The Fates. Do but hear reason Sir.
Str. 'Tis my proud Madams Steward, and our quondam
Fellow thief; they were told their fortunes
To be rob'd; Here had been a purchase lost
If I had not lain perdue. You shall be
Dispatcht presently, never fear it. *He whistles.*
Lu What's that? I do not like that tune.
Pi. Hum, I am not in love with that Quailpipe;
I could dwindle, but that I have a strong
Faith in the Mathematicks. Theeves and be
Thy Will.
Lu. If they should cut our throats now--- this is
Your folly; would I were off.
Pi. Would I were a Knight in an embroidered
Dish clout. Have a good heart Sir, ther's
No more to be said in't, let the Stars take
Their course, 'tis my Ladies money--- and if
We be rob'd, we are so much the neerer to preferment.
Enter Frapolo and the rest.
Lu. Ah sweet Gentlemen take but the Money---
Pi. 'Tis ready told; nay, nay, we are friends;
Give us but a Note under your hands for
My Ladies satisfaction, that you have received
It Gentlemen.

Lu. You need not trouble your selves to tell it Gentlemen,
It is all right.

Lo. So, so, wee'l take your words.

Pi. I should know that vizard, the garments
That you wear too I have seen Old acquaintance?

Fr. Does he know you? cut his throat.

Pi. No Sir, I do not know him, nor any man, nor
My self, I was not once rob'd before, neither
Did I help any man to rob my own Father and Mother;
I knew no Cedar chest I, I disclaim it, nor
Was any man that I know left bound for the
Money; ye are all honest Gentlemen,
And I congratulate our good fortune, that you
Came so luckily in the very nick, we had carried
Home the money else in good sadness--- Sir,
We are made for ever--rare Mathematicians!

Fr. What's that you talk sirra of Mathematicians?

Pi. It pleased some of the learned tribe to visit
My Lady not long since, but they are well I
Hope, they told us we should be rob'd, and
'Tis done; blessed *Caldean*!

Fr. What became on 'em?

Pi. They scap'd a scouring, for my Ladies Cinicall
Uncle, in meer malice to learning, rais'd
The Towns upon 'em, perswading the hobbinolls
They came to rob the house; but honored
Be the Stars, they brought 'em off at the
Back gate.

Fr. They seem honest fellows, let 'em live, and
Pass.

Lu. We humbly thank you Gentlemen, come
Piperollo.

Pi. And yet, now I remember, there wants a
Circumstance, my pate is not broke yet,
That was a Clause, the *Caldean* was a little
Out.

Fr.

Fr. I had forgot, will you be prating sirra? [*Fr. breaks his head.*
Pi. Now tis done, I thank you, dear Gentlemen,
I thank you, go forth and be a Knight;
Mathematician I adore thee, it bleeds;
Where are you Sir? all is compleat, and my
Head is broke according to prophecie. Oh
Admirable *Caldean*! *Exeunt.*
Lo. We have not lost all my Ladies money, but
To your plot *Frapolo*.
Fr. This hath ripend it, and I appear a
Blazing Star already.
Str. What's the mystery?
Fr. You know I am your Prince.
Lo. 'Tis Acknowledged.
Fr. We will in State visit the proud *Paulina*;
I am the Prince *Farnese*, and you
Are all my Lords and privy Counsellors
Bear up for honour of your Prince.
Lo. I apprehend it, 'tis a most rare design,
She will be mad to meet it.
Pa. Will you marry her?
Fr. I cannot tell, there may be a necessity,
But when I ha' the wench, her Plate and Jewels;
And other sums, I have cast already whither.
We must transport our selves--- wee'l divide all.
Lo. And the wench too?
Fr. No not the wench, untill I cast the Concubine;
Remember who I am, the choice of flesh
Is my prerogative; no murmuring,
You shall provide our Robes.
Str. Now we are rogues to purpose.
Fr. I am your Prince, and the worst theef
A States-man. *Omnes* A Prince, A Prince.
Exeunt.

Enter Angellina, and Francescina.

Ang. Where is *Vergerio*?

Fr. I know not Madam.

Ang. Madam? I prethee leave that folly,
I am no Lady, call me *Angellina.*

Fr. I'l call you Madam, 'tis a name in fashion,
What do you want to justifie that title?
Have you not Beauty, Jewels, Gold at pleasure?
Fine Cloathes, high Food, and men as motley, as
The Ambassadors to wait? does not your Uncle
Allow you all that can make up a Lady?
Pardon my boldness Madam, I beseech you.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

Ang. What are these?

Fr. The Gentlewomen were commended, Madam,
Most excellent in their Art about great Ladies;
And come to tender you their humble service.

1 Most proud if you accept our duties Madam.

Fr. Look you, they 're proud already, they have nothing
But their trade to live on; she with the face
Spotted with *Ermins*, hath been late in *France*,
And knows the mode to a Mathematicall point,
She has the theory of Song, but lost
The practick part by sitting up a nights;
She danceth still, can talk in severall languages,
And has the art of every game, to instruct
A novice Lady---

Ang. To lose time.

Fr. And what
Age, do you think the other Gentlewoman
Carries? that simpers so? the miracle
Of Painting! she presents scarce five and twenty,
But if you credit Church Records, she numbers
But five short of threescore, *Medea* had
No charmes like her, to preserve youth, and beauty;
She hath the art of making eys, new hair,
And Ivory teeth, hath skill in making fruitfull,
[illegible]s an excellent Midwife; she hath cur'd

A

A man that had no Nose, and a Court-Lady
That had no Tongue.
Ang. These are transcendent qualities;
Since tis my Uncles pleasure, they may wait,
But not to serve me. *One knocks.*
Fr. Who's that knocks so modestly?
'Tis not your Dancing-Master, nor the Doctor,
They have more confidence.
'Tis the Parsons Nephew, come from the University,
Some say a pretty Schollar, and a wit;
Hath an Ambition to kiss your hand
And tender his first fruits.
Ang. What's that? *Fr.* Some Poetry:
1 By any means Madam, you must be flatter'd,
Great Ladies cannot live els.
Ang. Let him enter. *Enter Schollar.*
Sch Darling of beauty, fairest *Angellina*,
Thus low the Muses bow, and send by me
An abstract of your self; oh make the Paper
More white by kissing your fair hand, and with
Your breath, like a soft Western gale, perfume
These lines created in your praise.
Ang. What's heer? --- I am
A stranger to you Sir, and to your language,
These words have no relation to me;
I pity men of your high fancy, should
Dishonour their own names, by forming such
Prodigious shapes of beauty in our sex.
If I were really what you would commend,
Mankind would flie me; get a Painter Sir,
And when he has wrought a woman by your fancy,
See if you know her again; were it not fine,
If you should see your Mistress without hair?
Drest only with those glittering beams you talk of?
Two Suns instead of Eys, and they not melt
The forhead made of Snow; no Cheeks, but two

Roſes inoculated upon a Lillie?
Between, a pendent Alablaſter Noſe?
Her Lips cut out of Corall, and no Teeth,
But Strings of Pearl; Her Tongue a Nightingales;
Her chin a rump of Ivory, and ſo forth?
Would not this ſtrange *Chimera* fright your ſelf?
And yet you take the boldneſs to preſent us,
And think we muſt applaud, and thank you for
Our ſelves made Monſters by your art; no more
Of this for ſhame; loſe not your time and honour
In this fantaſtick Idoll; you will ſay,
The world is peeviſh, and not kind to virtue;
Give him ten Piſtolets to cure his poverty,
There are good ſeeds in him and they may
Grow with ſome Cheriſhing.

Sch. You are enough
To vindicate your Sex, I ſhall not bluſh
To write your ſtory.

Fr. You ſhall owe me Sir
An Anagram, and a Poeſy too for
My next Ring.

Sch. You ſhall command my faculty,
My deareſt *Abigall* *Exit.*

Fr. Thank you ſweet Sir *Roger.*

Enter four Citizens.

1 Is her Ladiſhip at leaſure?

Ang. What are theſe?

2 We are humble ſuters Madam for your Favour.

Ang. Speak your requeſt.

1 I am a Tailor Madam
That holds intelligence with forein Courts,
To furniſh Ladies with new Faſhions,
And I have patterns of the ſtrangeſt ſhapes
That ever Ladies long'd for.

Ang. I believe it.

2 I have the ambition to own the name

Of

Of your Perfumer Madam.

3 I your Jeweller;
What think you of that Carcanet ſweet Madam?
The Pearls are Orient, I have a Diamond
The Sultan gave one of his Concubines,
It weighes --20 caracts, if it pleaſe you Madam,
To wear it in the Court, and I'l attend
Your Ladiſhip ſix moneths hence to pay me for't;
I know your Uncle Madam.

Ang. This is his plot.

Fr. By all means take it.

Ang. Excuſe me; what are you? ſpeak your deſire.

4 I would preſent you Madam with a pair
Of curious Spurs.

Ang. For what uſe prethee?

4 For what you plea'e, I ſee all men of trade
Apply themſelves to gain relation to you,
And I would be your Spurrier.

Ang. Do Ladies wear Spurs my friend?

4 They may in time, who knows what may be done,
If one great Lady would begin, they ride
Like men already; 'tis all one to me,
So I may have the Credit of your name,
And privilege to ſwell above my neighbors.

Ang. When I ſtand, Gentlemen, in need of your
Profeſſions, I'l ſend for you, i'th'mean time
You ſhall need no Solicitour.

Omnes. Your Servants.

4 Buy a Spur. *Exeunt.*

Ang. I prethee let me not be troubled with
This kind of People *Franceſcina*; Ladies
Have a fine time, if they be all thus viſited.

Fr. You are rude and ſawcy fellows to intrude
So far without my Ladies licence.

Ang: What makes thee ſo impatient? will they not
Be gone?

Fr. Gone? here's a new regiment is pressing forward

Ang. What are they?

Fr. Beggers.

Ang. How?

Fr. And tell me I abuse your Charity,
To keep off their Petitions; we must have
A Court-du-guard, I think, and Centries plac'd
At every doro.

Ang. I prethee let 'em enter.

Enter three Petitioners.

Fr. The room will not be sweet again this three days;
But if it be your pleasure--- know your distance.

Ang. The blind, and lame, what's your condition Sir?

1 As miserable Madam as the Sea,
That swallow'd all my wealth, can make a man,
That once commanded thousands, I blush to beg
But Nature too impatient of sterving
Compels me to this boldness, you may soon
Peruse my tragick story there. *Gives a Paper.*

Ang. Good old man!

Fr. What is his loss to you?

2 My Petition too;
A poor blind man, that hath lost more by fire
Than his estate valued a thousand times;
And 'tis but equall, fire should spoil my eys,
That ravish'd me of all, was precious to 'em,
A wife and pretty Children.

Ang. Burn'd?

2 All burn'd;
And what my eys cannot afford their memory
My poor heart weeps in bloud.

3 I am a Souldier
That in my Countries service lost my limbs;
I've had more lead in bullets taken from me
Than would repair some Steeple.

Fr. Ring the bells,

That

That was a loud one!

3 I have given wounds have kil'd the lookers on
With horror of their gaping, and have march'd
Ten miles a day thus deep --

Fr. In dirt?

3 In blood.

Fr. Upon those wooden leggs?

An. Poor souls! I pitty 'em, here honest men,
Divide this bag, and pray for my good Uncle.

Omnes. Blessings on you, Madam.

2. Equall division, come.

1. Stay, in the first place, I brought you hither,
Therefore my part is most considerable.

3. I'l have no Prerogative.

2. Nor I.

1. But I will.
Do not I know you both for cheating Rascals?
Thus are good meanings cozen'd, and you sha'not
Lose your reward; send for some Officers.

2, 3. We are betraid. *Ex.* 2, 3.

Ant. My Uncle.

Ant. They have found their eyes and leggs again,
Neece I observe your Charity, but you see not
The inside of these things, and I did mean
And hope these sums might serve your self;
Some Ladies would have considered
A new Gown and trinkets; *Francescina*,
I see little amendment, she'l undo me
In pious uses.

Fr. She has entertain'd these Gentlewomen.

Enter Vergerio.

And that young Gentleman does good upon her.

An. I like it well, he's carefull of my Lord,
And if she meet his honorable treaty,
She may learn Pride at Court, should our Art fail.
She smiles — I wo'not interrupt 'em.

Exeunt

Enter Giovanni.

Gio. My Lady entreats the presence of her Sister.

An. Do's she entreat? Yes, you may visit her Sir if you please, I'l trust her to your conduct.

Ver. 'Tis my ambition to attend her.

An. Hark you,
Remember who you are, and carry things
For the credit of my heir, and one that must be
Right Honourable shortly, if I hear
Thou flout'st her, thou sha't have another Gown
And Petticoat embroider'd, or but beat her
And put me to a pension; fare you well,
Franteſcina wait, wait all upon your Mistress.

Exeunt.

Enter Paulina.

Pa. No news yet of the Prince? he fill'd my dreams
Last night, it was a golden glorious slumber;
Me-thought we both were led into a Temple,
Where all our rites of Mariage were perform'd
In the presence of a thousand Angel-*Cupids.*

Enter Piperollo, and stumbles.

Pi. 'Twas my devotion, Madam, to present you
The News, I could not break my neck upon
A better cause.

Pa. Is the Prince come?

Pi. The Prince is at your service; though I slipt
At Chamber door, it is my happiness
To be the first Messenger.

Pa. Of what?

Pi. I desire no reward Madam, 'tis sufficient
I know what will become of us all, you
Remember the *Caldean*; all has happen'd,
I thank Astrology.

Pa. For what?

Pi. Your money is gone, your rents have been received,
And my head broke to purpose; things are visible.

Enter

Enter Lucio.

My Master can confirm it.

Pa. What's this prodigie?

Lu. Madam 'tis done, we have been rob'd.

Pa. How?

Lu. As the *Caldean* and the Stars would have it,
Just to a minute.

Pi. Rare Mathematician!

Pa. I'l hang you both,

P. You may, and be no Princess.

Pa. Did he foretell this loss?

Pi. Is my pate broken? Do I live, and hope
To kneel, and say, If please your Grace, to call
Him Lord, and answer to a Knight? – we're made.

Pa. Be at a distance,
If there be truth in the *Caldeans* Art,
These inconsiderable losses are
A new presage of my approaching greatness.

Enter Stephanio, and Longino, disguiz'd.

St. One from the Prince.

Lo. His Highness *Farnese*, Madam, greets your
Ladiship, and intends to be your Guest this night,

Pa. It will be an honour
My life must ow him duty for.

Pi. Do not you feel a Lordship creep up
By your short ribs?

Lo. His Grace is not far off.

Pa. Present the humble duty of his handmaid,
And say my Castle droops til it receive him;

Lo. I shall Madam.

Pa. We must prepare to meet and entertain him;
All things have been Prophetical.

Pi. My very good Lord.

Lu. Right Worshipfull *Piperollo.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Vergerio, Angellina, Servants aloof.

Ver. In my pity

That so much innocence should not be lost
On faithless *Contarini*, I have landed
Upon your knowledge this unhappy secret.
Ang. Promis'd his faith to another? twas ill done,
To work my Uncle, and destroy my thoughts
Of a religious life.
Ve. You may collect
Those pure desires again,
Heaven will be soon invited, and a second
Resolve confirm that happiness.
Ang. May we not,
Without so strict forsaking of the world,
Be capable of blessing, and meet heaven
At last, though erring Nature guide sometime
Out of the neerest way?
Ver. Yes *Angellina*.
An. I must be no Votary,
But when you turn a Fryer then.
Ver. How Lady?
An. Sir you have merited for this discovery
All that I am to serve you, and unless
You help me in this Labyrinth, I must
Live in despair of Freedom.
Ver. Any service;
There's so much sweetness in you, I could lay
My life a Sacrifice, be confident
I must be left of heaven, when I forsake you.
An. And I dare trust your Virtue with a secret
I have not told my Ghostly Father.
Fr. I know not what opinion my Lord has
Of his smooth Advocate, but I should gather
By Symptomes of my Mistress, she is sick
Of the younger Gentleman.
Ver. I dare not hope
This blessing, 'tis an honour plac'd on me
That has no value, I am a stranger,
An. You are no stranger here.

Ver.

Ver. Your Uncle too---
Ang. May erre in his election.
Ver. But his anger---
Ang. My prayer and tears may soften.
Ver. Do not dress
Your eys with sorrow *Angellina*, this
Too gracious an influence upon
Your servant must command my utmost duty.
Upon this white hand I breath out my heart,
And when I pay affection to another
Mistress, in your revenge, her beauty blast me!
But we may be observ'd.
Ang. Be all my guide.
Ver. This must be manag'd wisely, we are lost els.
Ang. We are now arriv'd the Castle *Francescina.*
Fr. We attend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince Farnese, Contarini.

Fa. I am Obscur'd sufficiently.
Con. My life on't.
Fa. Here are great preparations, and the people
Flock as to see some triumph, this *Paulina*
Will be ador'd i'th'Country.
Con. But her Sister,
With an extreme of sweetness and humility
Will take the wonder off, she so transcends.
Fa. Your words fall from you,
I have observd my Lord, with too much passion;
She's but a woman, and may be no miracle,
When a clear eye is Judge.
Con. Sir I owe
All that I am in fortune, name and greatness
Unto your person, next whom, give me leave
To say I rate no expectation
Equall to be her servant, yet I find
Her cold to those desires, that court her with
All honour, I shall humbly beg, your grace

When

When you converse, will interpose your favour,
And by your Mediation perfect all
That can be nam'd my happiness.
Far. You express
A strong Captivity in so small acquaintance;
Well my Lord trust to me; is this her Castle?
Enter Pipercllo.
By your favour Sir.
Pi. Speak quickly whats your business?
Far. Is this *Paulina's* Castle?
Pi. Plain *Paulina*? and is this her Castle?
My friend you want some breeding, she that owes
This Palace, for a Prince hath made it so,
Is not far off; turn your eys backward Sir,
And tell your self without a perspective
What man is coming towards us?
Far. Worthy Sir.
Pi. Put of your hats and hear his name, *Farneſe*
The Prince of *Parma's* there, I kist his hand,
My breath is since the sweeter.
Far. The Prince, where?
Pi. You'l find him with my Lady whom he came
To visit, if you'l promise to be drunk,
Take what's a secret yet, he comes to marry her,
Or ther's no truth in Stars, she is to be
His spouse; farewell, and thank my worship heartily.
Exit.
Con. This fellow's mad!
Fr. He kist the Princes hand,
What mystery is this?
Con. See, they approach.
Far. I am not lost sure in this cloud, they march
In State this way.
Loud Musick.
Enter Frapolo, Paulina, a Train of Gallants and Ladies, Vergerio, Angellina.
Ang. How, an Impostor? *Ver.*

Ver. Sure I know the Prince.
Ang. Conceal it yet.
Far. What Gentleman is that?
Lon. The Prince of *Parma* Sir.
Con This will be worth observing.
Far. Do we not both dream? that *Paulina*? How disdainfully she moves?
Con. That's her younger Sister upon whom *Vergerio* waits.
Far. He knows I am the Prince.
Con. How do you like her Sir?
Fa. Ha? tis not fit to tell thee.
Con. Does she not answer my Character?
Fa. On my heart a fair one?
Con. Pray tell me how you like her Sir.
Fa. Not yet.
I am lost in wonder of her sweetness. Bid *Vergerio* bring her to *Antonio's*;
I'l be his guest to night.
Con I shall obey Sir.
Pi. Make room for the Prince, fellows bear back; You are not to be Knighted friend I take it.
Fa. Thus can the flame of Heaven with subtill art, Leave the skin whole, yet quite consume the heart.

Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter Contarini, Antonio.

An. MY Neece has had a pretty warm night on't, 'Tis a bold knave to take the Prince upon him I did believe the noyes, and was considering How to contrive my peace with her good grace.

Con.

Con. You have no fear to ſuffer now?

Ant. I thank
Your Lordſhip, that has made my houſe and knowledge
So fortunate, by the preſence of our great
Farneſe, 'tis an honour makes me young;
And yet this Raſcal troubles me, that durſt
Come in the Princes name, and charge my Neece
So home too; Is't not Treaſon Sir?

Con. Of higheſt nature.

Ant. Let him then taſt the Law; yet I commend
His Spirit, that would ſcorn to die for Felonie,
And when his head goes off, the ſhame and grief
May help to break her heart: I do not love her,
And then my Girl, my *Angellina's* heir,
And you her Lord and mine.

Con. My hopes are fair,
The Prince himſelf having vouchſaf'd to be
My Advocate.

Ant. He muſt command all here.

Enter Farneſe, and Angellina.

'Tis a good Prince, and loves you well, and let me
Without boaſt, tell you my Lord, ſhe brings
No common Blood, though we live dark i'th' Country
I can derive her from the great *Urſini*,
But we have been eclips'd.

Far. Contarini leave us. You may ſtay *Antonio*;
Is't not an honour to your Family
A Prince ſhould court your Neece into his arms?

Ant. I muſt confeſs, 'tis good enough for ſuch
A Baggage, they will make together Sir,
A moſt excellent ſhew upon the Scaffold.

Far. The Impoſtor, and *Paulina's* pride, takes off
Your underſtanding; I do court your Neece
Fair *Angellina*. *Ant.* How Sir?

Far. And as becomes a Princeſs.

Ant. Your Grace is merry.

Far. I

Far. I know not, but there's Magick in her eyes.
An. Magick? and she be a Witch, I ha' done with her.
Does he love *Angelina*? Please your Highness --
Do you affect this Girl?
Far. Religiously.
An. And have you all your Princely wits about ye?
Far. This Language is but coarse. I tell you Sir
The Virgin must be mine.
An. Your Whore?
Far. My Princess.
An. That's another matter.
Far. Shew your obedience,
You have commands upon her as a Father.
An. I know not what to say, but I'l perswade;
Hark you Neece, you hear what the Prince says,
'Tis now no time to think of Nunneries.
Be rul'd then, and love somebody; if you have
Promis'd my Lord, I say make good that promise,
If not, the Prince is worth considering.
The Gentleman will make you a round Iointure.
If thou beest free, love him, to vex thy Sister,
Who may upon submission be receiv'd
To Grace, and rise in time a Madam Nurse
To your heir apparent. I have done my duty.
But this is no great honesty, to cheat
My Lord. I see the greatest men are flesh
And blood, our souls are much upon a making;
All men that are in love deal with the Devil,
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a Woman is absolutely possest;
And he that loves the least is haunted
With a Familiar.

Enter a Servant

Ser. Old *Fabio* Sir your Tenant, with much business
In's face, desires to speak with you, I could hardly
Keep him from pressing in, his Wife he sayes
Is Lunatick.

Ant. We shall all be mad shortly,
Where is the Knave? *Exit.*
Ang. I dare do Sir as much to shew my duty
As any Maid alive; I dare dye for you.
Fa. And yet you dare not love.
Ang. Not in that sense
You invite me to.
Far. My Courtship carries
No stain to fright you, what I have propounded
Is worth the Ambition of a greater Lady;
Though you profess so liberally, I find
Your cunning, and because I have so much
Descended from my Title, you assume
This unbecomming Nicety, take heed,
I can be angry.
Ang. As you are a Man
That passion may come neer you Sir; and as
You are my Prince, you may command my death
To follow and Appease it, but you said you lov'd me.
Far. I doe, if you can wisely entertain it.
An. Then you must love my honor,
A Virgins wealth, for every honest Man
Or Woman has an honor, and that has
Engag'd my heart already by a Contract;
This tye dissolv'd with justice, I should kneel
To ask your Princely favour.
Far. I am answer'd.
Who waits? call my Lord *Contarini* hither.
Enter Contarini.
Con. Sir.
Far. You might have mock'd another person,
And not have made me a ridiculous story
To your Mistress Sir.
Con. I understand you not.
Far. Engage me to mediation for her love,
With a pretence how much my act should honor

Your

Your faint hopes, when you are conſcious of a
Contract, already paſt between you.

Con. Contract Sir?

She never yet gave me any language
Did promiſe hope, ſhe ſtill concluded me
With going to a Cloiſter.

Far. How's this fair one?

An. It is moſt ſure I am contracted.

Con. To whom?

An. Vergerio your Lordſhips Agent.

Con. That boy betray me?

In whom I took delight, made him my friend,
He play the Traytor? I'l be reveng'd upon
His heart.

Far. Contain your paſſion *Contarini*,
Her beauty had apower a bove my friendſhip,
It well might ſhake his faith, and yet'tis ſtrange.
Call in *Vergerio*.

Enter Vergerio.

Ver. I have heard all,
And come to meet my ſentence. You're a Prince
Gainſt whom I dare not lift a thought; I ſee
What ſtorm is riſing, yet let this, great Sir,
Invite your mercy to me, I have made
No breach againſt your love, and that which was
My fault to his, may be excus'd, by what
He felt himſelf love, not to be reſiſted.
This Virgin I lay claim to, and her vowes
No Subject muſt compell me to reſigne;
But if the Prince think me unfit, and call
This treaſure from my boſome, and can place
His love, where I ſo chaſtly have delighted,
I will not keep a thought that ſhall repine,
When I am miſerable in her abſence,
But give my intereſt cheerfully; to you,
My Lord, I anſwer, I have made no treſpaſs,

And shall, so please your highness to be Iudge,
Make it appear.
Con. Was ever such an impudence?
This presence does protect him, I should els
Write treason on his heart; But *Angellina*
I pity thy undoing, how canst thou
Expect a truth from him, betrays his Master?
An. My Lord, you have been faulty sure, and this
(not worthy to be call'd a loss of me)
Was meant by Providence to wake your faith,
That's owing to another.
Far. Possible?
The Vice-roy of *Sicilies* Daughter? *Pulcheria.*
Con. Pulcheria here?
Ver. Here *Contarini.*
Con. Ha, prov'd a Woman, oh my shame and folly!
Ver. Pardon my too much love, that made me fear
You had forgot *Pulcheria*, though you left
Your vowes and me at *Sicily*, when you were
Embassadour from the Prince.
Con. Whence embarqu'd
Thou brought'st me news *Pulcheria* was drownd,
And thou for her sake entertain'd my servant,
Welcome, at once receive me and forgive me.
Fa. I had your promise, were this contract void
In honour, nor will take from my own merit
To think when your considerate thoughts come home,
You can pretend excuse to your own happiness,
Which lest you may suspect, let us in state
Visit *Paulina*, and unmask that counterfeit
Which hath usurp'd our name.
Ver. Sir we attend you,
Con. This blessing must require a spacious soul,
Mine is too narrow to receive. *Exeunt.*

Enter Steward, and Piperollo.

Lu. I am not yet created honourable.

Fi. Sir, things must have their time, but will his high-
Remove so suddenly, and carry my Lady (ness
To th' Court with him? tis a most sweet young Prince.

Lu. Order was given to pack up her plate,
Her gold and Jewels, for he means to have
Tiltings and triumphs when he comes to *Parma*.

Fi. There it is fit we should expect our honours.
I will attend the Prince. *Exit.*

Enter Contarini.

Con. Signior *Lucio*.

Lu. Your good Lordship.

Con. Pray tell my Lady, I would kiss her hand,
And shall present news will secure their welcome.
I come from the Prince.

Lu. The Prince my Lord?
He is within ——

Con. A small march off the Castle, and commanded
Me to prepare her, that he comes to be
Her guest. (ber, but,

Lu. My Lord, I will acquaint some of the bed-cham-
When did your Lordship see his Highness?

Con. I left him at the Park gate.

Lu. This is the nearest way unless his highness
Have leap'd a window, or can walk invisible.
Your Lordship may have some conceit. I'l go Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Piperollo.

Pi What is the meaning that ther's such a guard
Upon our Castle? 'tis besiedg'd, and no man
Suffer'd go forth; this is some Lord or other
By his stradling.

Enter Lucio, Longino, Strozzo, and the rest.

Lo. From the Prince? that he?

Pi. 'Tis as I tell you Sir, ther's a little army,
Surrounds the Castle.

Lo. They have no order from his highness.

Str.

Ser. We are betraid agen.

Lon. Sir, would you speak with the Prince?

Con. Why have you such a thing within the Castle?
Who dares be so much Traitour to usurpe
That title? Wher's that Puppet, Gentlemen?

Lu. That is his Secretary.

Pi. The rest are Lords and Privie Counsellors.

Ca. We are undone.

Enter Farnese, Vergerio, Angellina, Attendants.

Lo. Tis he, the very he, I dare not look on him;
Oh for an impudence worth a Chronicle,
To outface him now, it were a possible thing,
If People would believe——

Lu. I'l tell my Lady, they are vanish'd; hum,
I do not like that face. *Exit.*

Far. Come hither fellow, whom do you serve?

Pi. I know not Sir.

Fa. What Prince have you within?

Pi. The prince of Darkness.

Fa. What is this fellow?

Pi. a Knight o'th' Post, the Pestle is too honourable.

Fa. Where is your Excellent Lady?

Pi. I have a guess
If things go on, as I suspect, she will be——

Fa. Where?

Pi. At her wits end very shortly.

Fa. An ingenious fellow?

Pi. I have convers'd a little with the Mathematicks,
Sir, Who is that Gentlewoman, not that I am ignorant,
But to satisfie a doubt?

Ver. She is one that may be
The Prince of *Parma's* Lady, when the Priest
Hath done his Office.

Pi. If I be not mistaken
Here comes the Princesse, that is *Angellina*
The younger Sister. *Enter*

Enter Paulina.

Pa. It is my wonder you that have the face
And garb of Gentlemen, should dare to be
So insolent, to affront our person,
And his, to whom your hearts and knees owe reverence.

Far. Command the Impostor forth,
Seize on the Traitors.

Enter Longino.

Lo. His Grace will be here presently, fear not Madam,
I would venter a Neck-breaking at some window,
And be content to crawl away a Cripple;
But there's no hope to scape the Multitude
That will be scrambling for my limbs. Great Sir,
I challenge the privilege of the last *Bando*, *Kneels.*
He that can bring *Frapolo* the chief Bandit,
Beside what was proclam'd other reward,
Shall have free pardon for all past-offences;
To that Grace I appeal, and here produce
Frapolo.

Enter Frapolo, Strozza, &c.

Pa. This amazeth me.

Fr. Can you stand
The dazeling Sun so long, and not be struck
Blind for this bold affront? what wildness brought you
In multitudes to fright my happy peace,
And this good Ladies, my most vertuous Consort?

Lo. He bears up still!

Fr. Have all my cares and watchings to preserve
Your lives, and dearest liberties, deserv'd
This strange return, and at a time when most
Your happiness is concern'd, since by our Mariage
With this sweet Lady, full of grace and beauty,
You may expect an Heir to bless your Countrey.

Con. Will you suffer him?

Fr. 'Tis time your Prince were dead, and when I am
Companion to my Fathers dust, these tumults
Fomented by seditious men, that are Weary

Weary of Plenty, and delights of Peace,
Shall not approach to interrupt the calm
Good Princes after Death enjoy. Go home,
I pray depart, I rather will submit
To be depos'd, than wear a power or title
That shall not all be dedicate to serve you;
My life is but the gift of Heaven, to waſt it
For your dear ſakes, my People are my Children,
Whom I am bound in Nature and Religion
To cheriſh and protect. Perhaps you have
Some grievance to preſent, you ſhall have juſtice
Againſt the proudeſt here; I look not on
Nobility of Birth, Office, or Fortunes,
The pooreſt ſubject has a Native Charter
And a Birth-right to th' Laws, and Common wealth,
Which with an equall, and impartial ſtream,
Shall flow to every boſom.

Str. Pious Prince!

Far. I am at a loſs to hear him; ſure I am
Farneſe, if I be not loſt by the way.

Pi. Stand off Gentlemen, -- let me ſee -- which?
Hum! this -- no, th'other. Hum! ſend for a Lion
And turn him looſe, he wo'not hurt the true Prince.

Far. Do not you know me Sir?

Fra. Yes, I know you too well, but it ſtands not
With my honor; what compoſition?

Far. Who am I? Gentlemen, how dare ye ſuffer
This thing to talk? if I be your *Farneſe*.

Fra. I ſay I am the Prince,

Far. Prince of what?

Fra. Of Rogues, and pleaſe thy Excellence.

Pa. How?

Fra. You muſt excuſe, I can hold out no longer
Theſe were my Subjects Sir, and if they find
Your Mercy, I'm but one, whoſe head remov'd,
Or nooz'd, this Lady will be ſoon a Widdow,

Whom

Whom I have not deceiv'd, 'twas her Ambition
To go no leſs than Prince, and now you have one,
During this Gentlemans pleaſure.
Pa. What ſcorn ſhall I become?
Far. Let him be guarded, and all his puppet Lords.

Enter Antonio, Fabio, Morulla.

An. News, news, excellent news; I ſhall leap
Out of my fleſh for joy. Sir I have undertook
For your pardon to this reverend couple,
They heard my Neece was to be maried
To the Prince, and thought it treaſon to conceal—
Far. What?
An. Paulina is not my Neece, no blood of mine;
Where is this Lady and her Pageant Prince?
The truth is, ſhe is not *Paulina*, but their
Own Daughter.
Fra. Poſſible? then we are both cheated.
An. Whom ſhe obtruded on our Family
When our *Paulina* died an Infant, with her,
A Nurſe to both; Does your Grace apprehend?
Fab. We do beſeech your pardon.
An. Now *Angellina* thou art heir to all.
Pip. By all this Circumſtance you are but my Siſter!
Con. The Prince is prov'd a Prince of Theeves.
An. Why ther's a Baggage and a Theef well met then.
I knew ſhe was a Baſtard, or a Changeling. (tion!
Pau. Where ſhall I hide my ſhame? O curſt Ambi-
Ant. Give you joy Sir, my moſt illuſtrious Nephew;
Joy to thy inviſible Grace.
Fra. Thanks to our loving Uncle:
Far. Take hence the Traitors.
Ang. Sir I beſeech a pardon to their lives.
Let nothing of my ſtory be remembred
With ſuch a Tragedie, 'tis my firſt Petition.
Far. I muſt not deny thee; all thank her Virtue;
Live you, and love that Gentlewoman; But

It were a ſin to innocence, and our honor
Would encourage Treaſon by example,
If they ſhould ſcape all Juſtice, take 'em to Cuſtody:
Frapolo, we confine you to this Caſtle,
Where If ſhe pleaſe your Bride may accompany you
Till we determine otherwiſe.

Fra. 'Tis ſome mercy; but
I ſhall be getting Children, and two nothings
Wo'not maintain a Family, 'twere as good
To hang me out o'th'way, 'ere Charge come on,
Or take away my tools, I ſhall be working.

Far. Proviſion ſhall be made you ſhall not ſterve
Nor ſurfet Sir.

Ang. Becauſe I call'd her Siſter,
I will contribute ſomething to their fortune.

Far. What thy own goodneſs will direct; and now
Remove the Scene to Court, to perfect there
My own, and *Parma's* happineſs; pride has
Met with ſevere reward, and that high juſtice
(That Governs all) though envy break with her
Own Poyſon, calls the Amazed World to ſee
What bleſſings wait upon *Humility*.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Epilogue.

Frapolo.

GEntlemen, do not ſay you ſee me; I have made an eſcape from the Prince and *Paulina*; his graces word is but mortall, and not ſecurity enough for me; for all this Sun-ſhine he may hang me, when I come to *Parma*, for an example, and therefore I have choſen, rather to truſt to my legs, than a reconcil'd State-Enemy.

Two'not be worth your glory to betray
A man diſtreſt, whom your own mercy may
Preſerve to better ſervice; rather then
Go back I'l ſtand your Iuſtice Gentlemen.
I've plaid the thief, but you, as the caſe ſtands,
May ſave or kill, my lif's now in your hands.

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Shirley, James